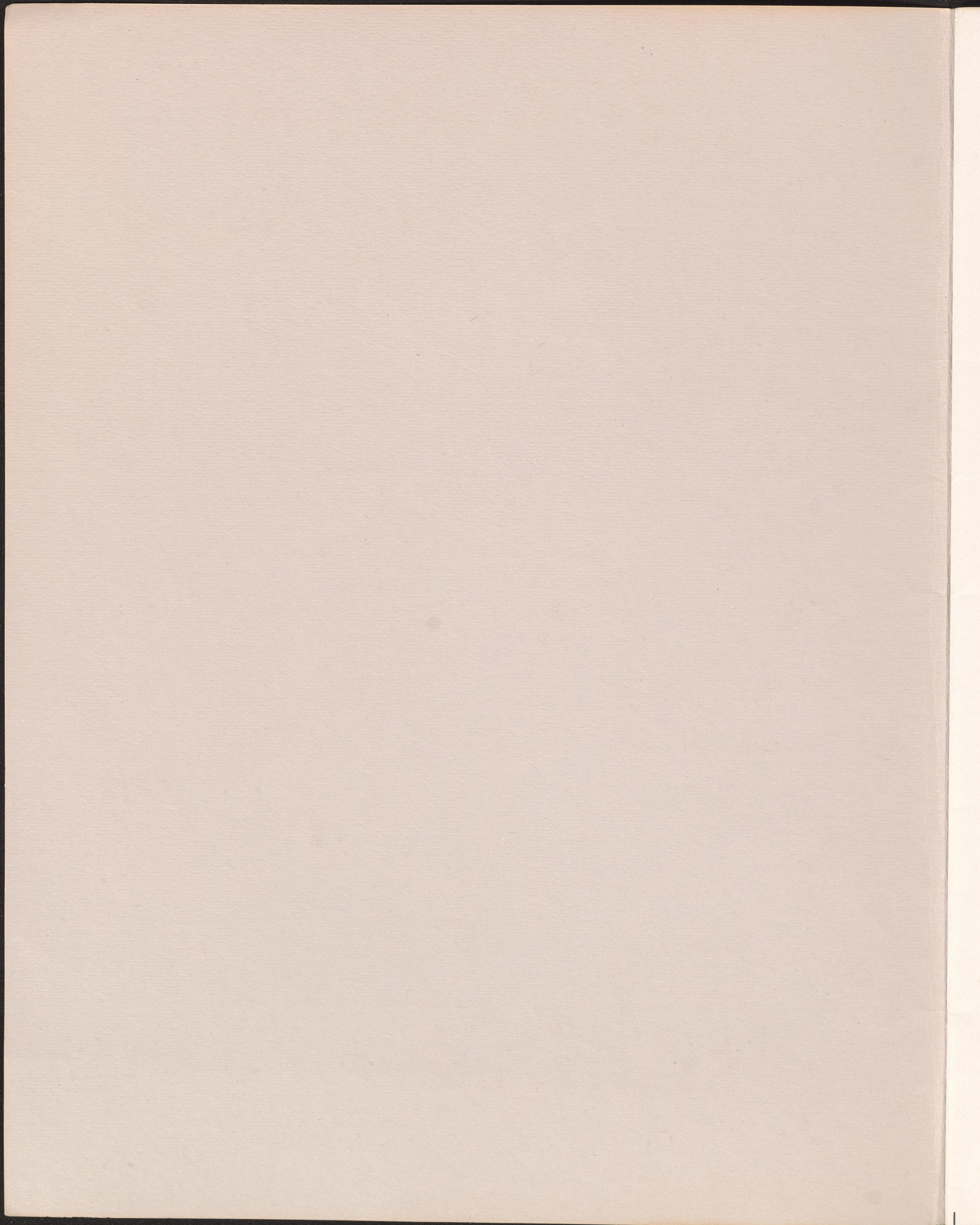




# *Hallmarks*

OF HARPETH HALL 1983







# HALLMARKS 1983

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Hallmarks Chairman — Elizabeth Brinton  
Secretary-Treasurer — Callie Johnson

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Lynn Newcomb  
Florence Perry  
Katie Quillen  
Heidi Vastbinder

## CONTRIBUTORS

Sarah Krantz  
Tasha Riggins

## ART COORDINATORS

Mr. Peter Goodwin  
Leanne Turner

## ART CONTRIBUTORS

Liz Caffrey  
Jennifer Carter  
Tamar Charney  
Cindy Crist  
Annette Elinger  
Carolyn Fischer  
Miller Graves  
Dolly Kavass  
Amy Perry  
Kathryn Schnelle  
Debbie Sheffield  
Mary Beth Smithwick

## COVER

The first issue of *Hallmarks*

EDITOR  
Elizabeth Brinton







## SENIOR SONG

Time is spun so fast  
Days too short to last  
Yet how far we've come.

Now we must move on  
And we can be strong  
If we think as one —

Just to remember all the years  
All our joys and fears  
Laughter in our eyes  
Tears from deep inside  
Friendships that have grown  
That will lead us on  
Just — to — Remember.

Together we have shared  
all our dreams and dared  
to make them come true.

To these dreams hold on  
though the days be gone  
With memories made new.

Just to remember all the years  
All our joys and fears  
Laughter in our eyes  
Tears from deep inside  
Friendships that have grown  
That will lead us on  
Just to remember.

Anne Buttrey



## SENIOR SONG

Time is again so fast  
Days too short to last  
Yet how far we've come  
Now we must move on  
And we can be strong  
If we think as one --  
Just to remember all the years  
All our joys and tears  
Laughter in our eyes  
Tears from deep inside  
Friendships that have grown  
That will lead us on  
Just -- to -- remember  
Together we have shared  
All our dreams and dared  
To make them come true  
To these dreams hold on  
Through the days to come  
With memories made new  
Just to remember all the years  
All our joys and tears  
Laughter in our eyes  
Tears from deep inside  
Friendships that have grown  
That will lead us on  
Just to remember

Anne Barker





Miller Graves

JESUS MY BUTTERFLY  
Florence Perry '84

I caught you in my net when I was young,  
You were the most important thing in my life.  
Your colors were so bright and beautiful  
That I fell in love with you day after day.  
I could tell you loved and cared  
A great deal for me, too.  
But then school started,  
And I suddenly didn't have time to care for you.  
You weren't the number one priority  
In my life anymore.  
Then I realized that you were there all along.  
You would always be there waiting  
For me to love and care for you.  
I caught you in my net and now I don't want to let you go.  
Because I've gotten attached to you.  
Thank you for flying into my heart, Lord Jesus.

TO: MY BEST FRIEND  
Katie Quillen '85

Thank-you for always being a friend  
Who is never too far away  
To listen to all my feelings  
And all I need to say.

Whenever you're feeling happy or sad  
And these feelings you need to share,  
Remember to find me or give me a call  
Because I **really do care!**

Whenever you need to talk to a friend,  
Or if you're just close to tears,  
Please promise me you won't forget  
That I will **always** be here.

You never could know just how much  
I love having you as my friend.  
I hope that we will always stay  
As close as we have been.

I hope to you  
I'll always be  
As good a friend  
As you've been to me.

"SING, BUT NOT SO LOUD"  
Tasha Riggins '87

As we walk along the frosty walk,  
a voice speaks out alone above the crowd.  
The voice is saying,  
sing unto the spirit of light and happiness.  
We stop to listen to their singing,  
but nothing can be heard.  
What happened to the voice?  
it was told to sing, but not so loud.  
Told by whom?  
by a soul in mourning.  
As we walk along the frosty walk,  
we sing, but not so loud.



CRYSTAL BALL  
Florence Perry '84

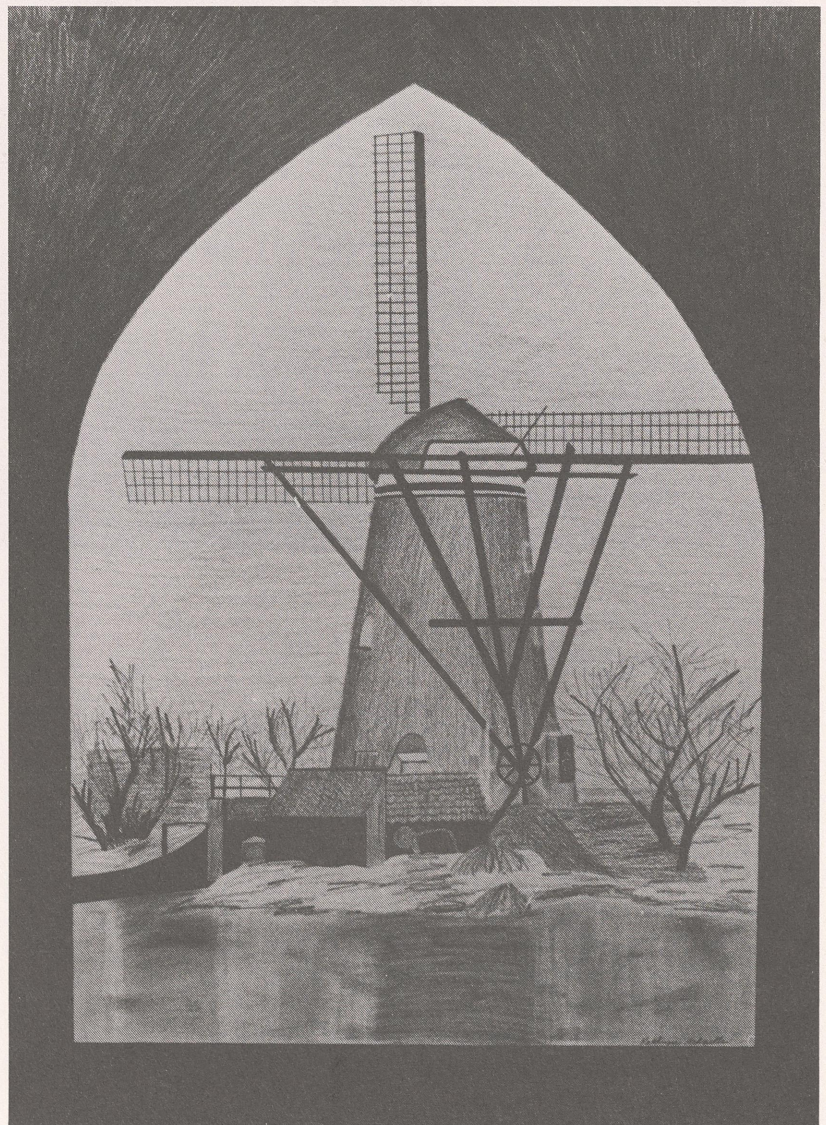
I stand and watch as my life  
Slowly passes through the clouded haze of the ball.  
Some events bring back pleasant memories,  
Some sad.  
I stand in amazement that my life could be  
So confusing, so scary, so exciting!  
The cloudy mist now covers the ball in a shroud.  
I reach my hands out  
Trying to capture those precious memories in my hands.  
I want to hold on to them.  
I can't let them go.  
Suddenly they are gone.  
The future is ahead of me.  
What will it bring?

MYSTERIOUS PEOPLE  
Callie Johnson '84

Mysterious people,  
Hiding their feelings,  
Themselves,  
Day to day she is surrounded by them.  
Finally,  
Someone comes along  
Someone like her.  
One who is on the verge of being  
Different.  
But she disappears in the mist  
Between her and the mysterious people  
And the girl again is stuck  
In the darkness  
With the mysterious people.

THE OUTCAST  
Laura Molesworth '85

Looking in from the outside  
one can see many a thing  
people bumping into each other  
people laughing at jokes  
people angry at themselves or others  
but no one can see the tears  
of the observer.



Kathryn Schnelle



## BALLOONS

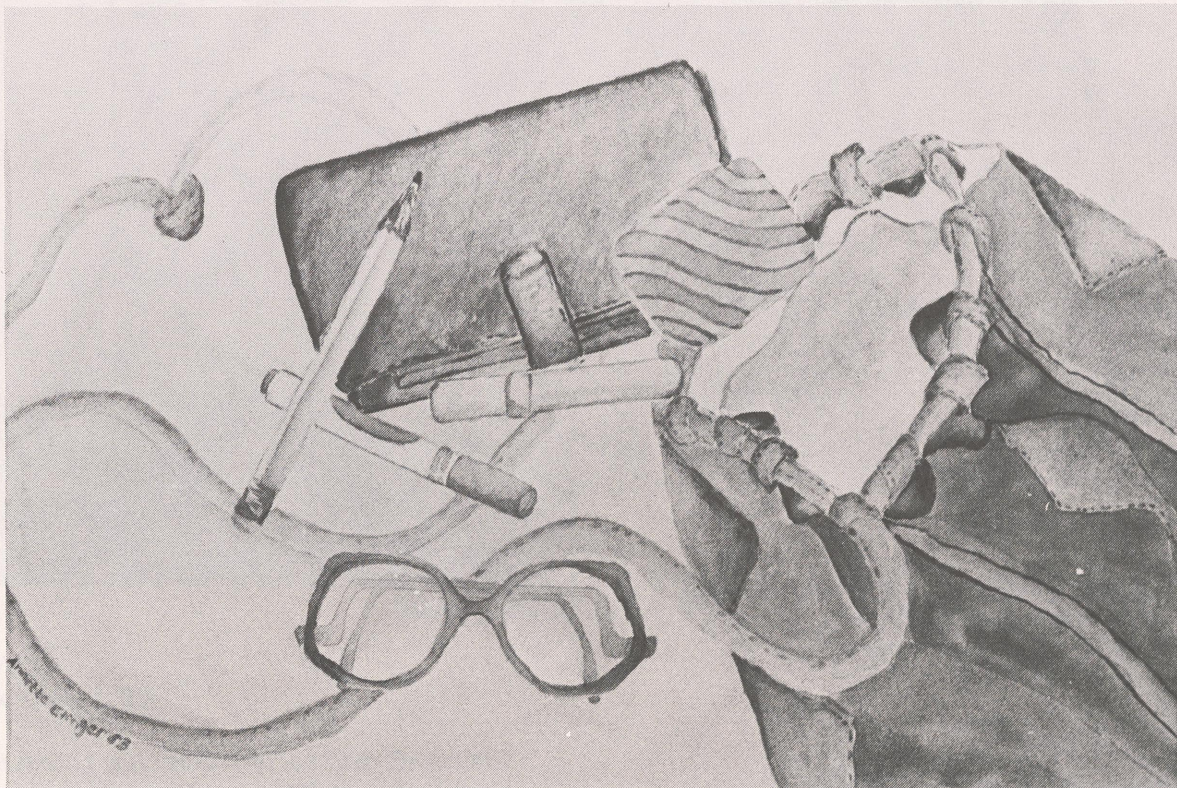
Callie Johnson '84

Let the balloons free.  
Which ones will survive?  
The oversized ones will pop,  
The weak will deflate.  
And the rest will float away  
to their destiny.

## LONELINESS

Florence Perry '84

The teddy bear lies in the corner with the rag doll,  
Unwanted.  
One eye is gone, and his fur is shaggy and matted.  
He lets out a cry of helplessness,  
But nobody hears him.  
The boy has gone to play with his new tin soldier.



Annette Elinger

## ON AUTUMN

Yolanda Ferragina '84

There is a constant whisper in the trees,  
Which signifies the falling of the leaves.

A cool collage of earthy tones surround,  
And also in the harvest it abounds.

So as I wait for snow to fall,  
my mind recalls  
The splendor of it all.

This picture I've cradled in my mind,  
Of crayons unfolding on an earth so sublime.

Tasha Riggins '87

Winds blow clouds away. Closer the light comes.  
The faded star lands in my hands.

Brightens my life, shimmering in my heart.  
For a moment I am eternally satisfied with  
what I have been given.

Friends shaded in the path of evil  
destroy and corrupt what was once mine.  
Hiding their new prize next to their hearts.  
I slowly turn away.





Tamar Charney

"LAST EXAM OF AN EIGHTH GRADER  
IN THE SUMMER OF '83"

Tasha Riggins '87

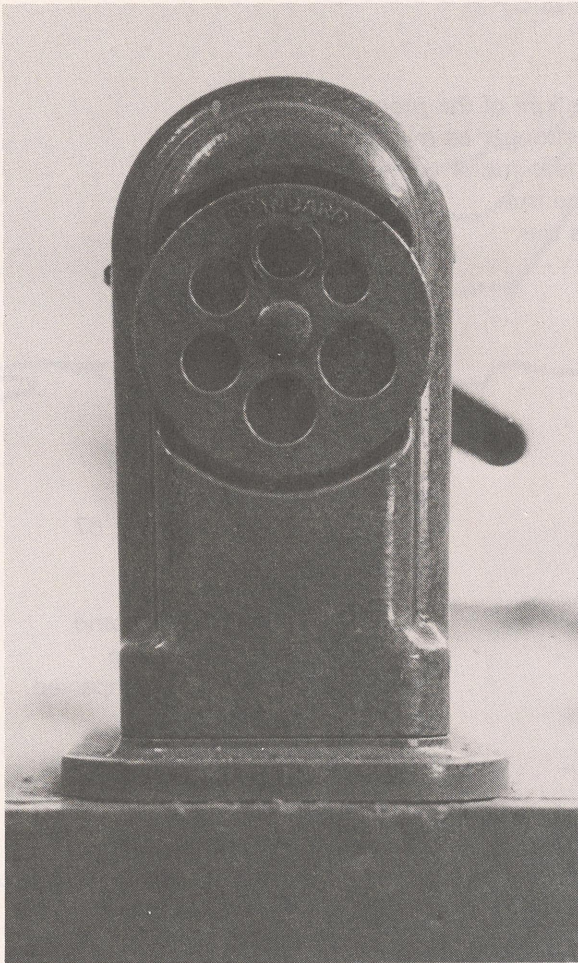
The light surrounds me  
in shadows of doubt  
Breezes swing me  
to a whirlwind of time  
Ending up in an uneventful place,  
the light slowly fades  
I reach out to it,  
hoping to cling to a forgotten memory  
Somehow, I remember  
what was never known  
The light turns to day,  
my dream ends,  
The test is over!  
School is out!

GROWING UP

Heidi Vastbinder '85

Growing up. My mind fights it; my body accepts it. Responsibilities, privileges, duties — what do they all mean? Growing up is the acceptance — or at least the tolerance — of change. It is up to the individual to willingly assume the role into which he is cast and play it well or to rebel against temporarily, for parts assigned in the drama of life must and will be assumed — willingly or not. My mind gropes for **my** role — **my** script. I search in vain; for I search for my role in a package — a tidy bundle of lines, instructions, and director's notes in one neat spot. Truly, my search **is** in vain. Until I accept a search for that which is not blatant, I will never uncover my role, my future. No longer frantically groping, I find notes, lines, and partial revelations of my part handed down gradually, periodically. These lines I must learn and learn well — practicing and striving for perfection until the day when I shall receive a page which bears the inevitable, "The End."





Tamar Charney

LOVE IS  
Katie Quillen '85

Love is a feeling very difficult to explain,  
Capable of causing joy, sorrow, or pain.  
You give it away, often not meaning to,  
Having no control over to what or whom.  
Once given a part continually stays  
And remains with that person forever and always.  
When in love, your moods change with each passing hour  
Though you constantly radiate like a spring, blooming flower.  
Happiness surrounds you and holds on to you tight;  
But at times it breaks free and drifts out of sight.  
Patiently wait and think pleasant things  
Or frustration will be the emotion it brings.  
Your heart seems to want to soar far, far away;  
And with it your mind wanders more every day.  
You think of that special someone each waking minute,  
And at night when you dream, he will star in it.  
Don't try to fight love; its power is too great.  
By the time you are caught you'll find it's too late.  
Just enjoy the pleasure love can bring to you;  
Hope and pray with all your heart that he loves you too.

THE VAL GIRL  
Kim Bueno '84

She wears a bright headband  
and a cute mini skirt;  
she talks in her own little verse.  
She acts so blasé  
in everything she does;  
she carries a sack for a purse.  
Does she come from another planet?  
Like - is she for real?  
Everyone wants to know.  
She's outrageous,  
The funniest of all.  
No one can top her show.  
Who is she? I asked  
What's her point? and  
Why did she change her name?  
Oh, she's just a girl,  
her real name is Mary,  
and to her it's all just a game.

"FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH"  
Tasha Riggins '87

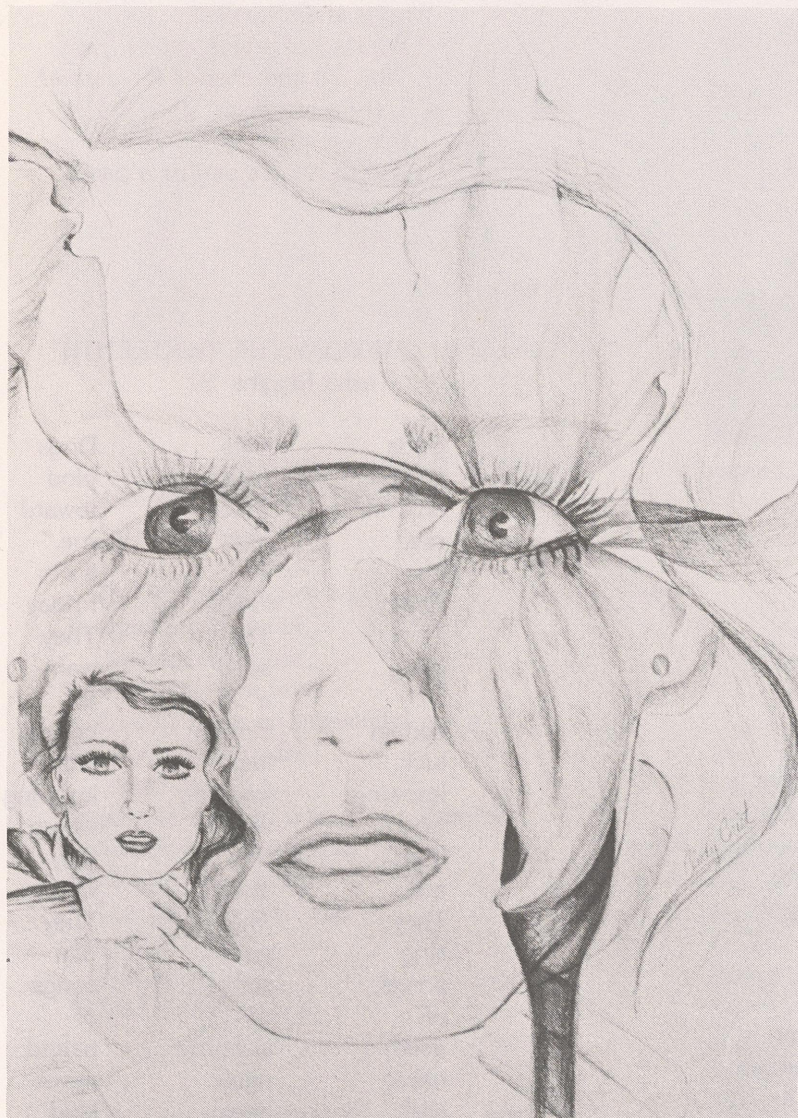
Birds	Cats	Dogs
flock	cautiously	plod
around	watch	toward
me.	me.	me.
It's	It's	It's
Friday.	Friday.	Friday.
They	They	They
bring	send	warn
a	a	a
certain	certain	certain
luck,	luck,	luck,
knowing	knowing	knowing
where	where	where
they	they	they
are.	stand.	meet.
They	They	They
sing	yowl	bay
songs	songs	songs
of	of	of
death	sickness	hatred
never	never	never
end.	begin.	kind.
As	As	As
they	they	they
flap	race	trample
around	never	on
the	to	my
bend.	win.	mind.



— — — PHANTASY — — —

Tasha Riggins '87

Warming my feet by the light of the moon, - - -  
the tingling sensation grows stronger as midnight approaches  
The brain inside my head tells me of another place  
where my dreams could come true  
I forgot what my brain tells me,  
because I am already there - - -



Cindy Crist

"I AM HERE"

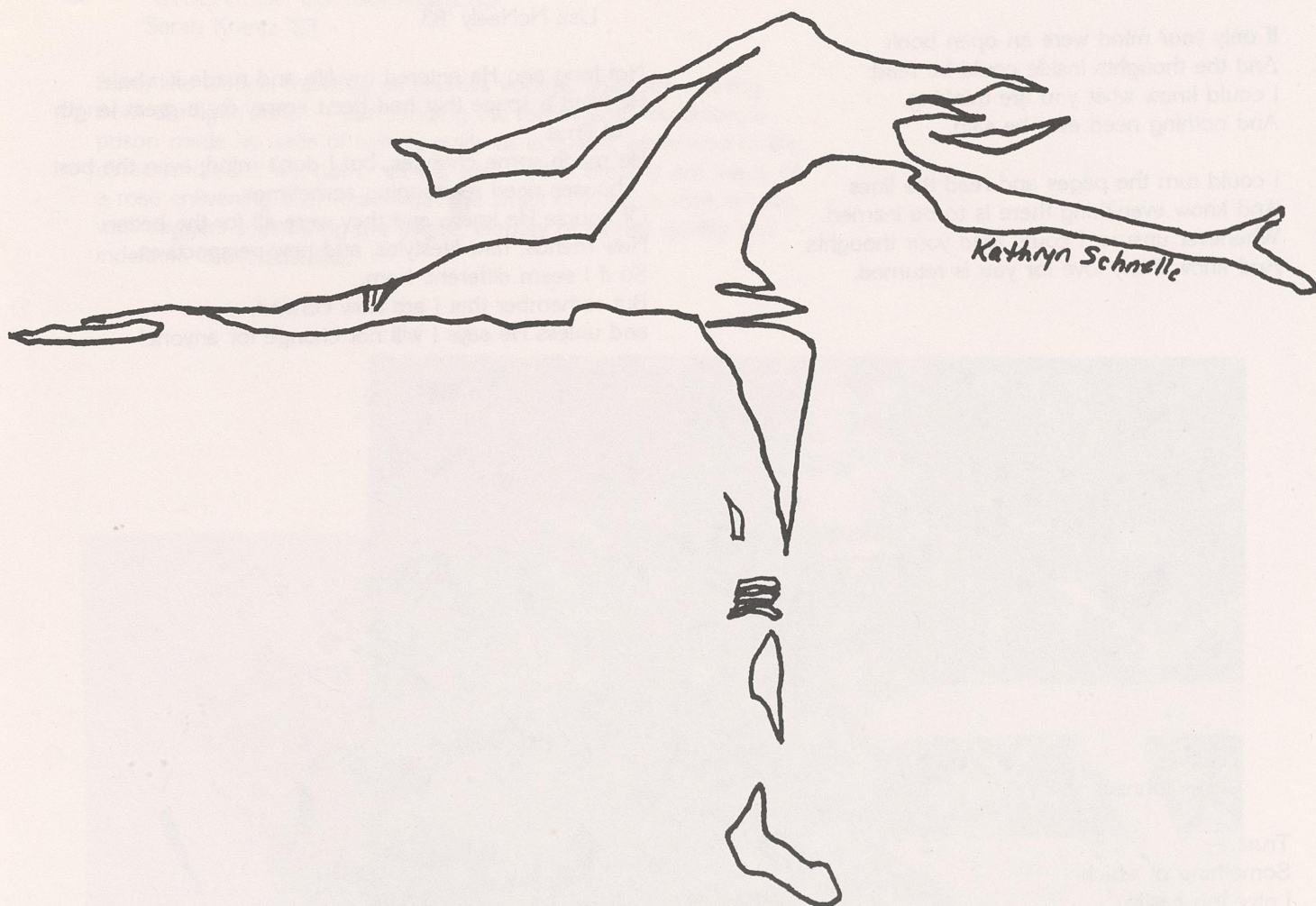
Tasha Riggins '87

Unknown I walk  
Un-noticed I stand  
Forever being there  
Never being accompanied  
By another who  
Knows the unknown  
Invisible, no secrets  
To hide or tell  
I look for answers  
But no questions were asked  
I walk away  
Still searching  
I am called back

Holly Fischley '84

The moon  
floats in the sky,  
a ball of florescent light,  
as its reflection  
dances across the waves  
mimicking its sedateness.  
From a lonely boat  
sailing the dark ocean  
a distant light winks.  
The warm tide laps the beach,  
moistens the glowing white sand,  
and fills an abandoned footprint  
with foaming water.  
The salt scented wind  
gently rustles the sea oats  
growing on a nearby sand dune,  
and a line of palm trees  
quietly wave good-bye.





# THE MARATHON Kim Bueno '84

Life is like a marathon,  
Each year is like a mile,  
Controlled by motivation,  
Full of challenge and frustration,  
Happy when it is easy,  
Sad when it is not.  
But there is one thing that is certain:  
As each mile is completed,  
More and more is gained  
As faster and faster the pace goes.  
Age increases, for time passes quickly,  
So quickly that one often forgets  
which mile they're on.

# THE FINAL DANCE — TO ANNE Florence Perry '84

The lights come up on the young dancer  
Silhouetting her graceful figure.  
As she anticipates the opening notes of her music,  
She closes her eyes,  
Feeling the peace of the empty stage —  
No one else but her.  
This is her time to be alone, to live, to dance.  
As the opening strains of the music fill the room,  
She slowly rises.  
The complex steps in her mind are pushed aside  
As she allows the music to totally free her mind and body.  
A sense of peace engulfs her, yet her dancing is  
electrifying.  
Her movements are uninhibited.  
Her spirit is endless.  
But all too soon the music dies,  
And the light fades.  
The dance is over.



Hollie Fischley '84

If only your mind were an open book  
And the thoughts inside could be read;  
I could know what you are thinking,  
And nothing need ever be said.

I could turn the pages and read the lines  
And know everything there is to be learned.  
Whenever unsure, I could read your thoughts  
And know if my love for you is returned.

TRUST

Callie Johnson '84

Trust —  
Something of which  
I give too easily  
Take back too readily.  
Trust is the  
Earning of Faith  
In others,  
Not necessarily through time,  
But by actions,  
Deeds.  
Sometimes I don't ask proof.  
I take chances.  
Give it back,  
For you are unworthy.

HIM

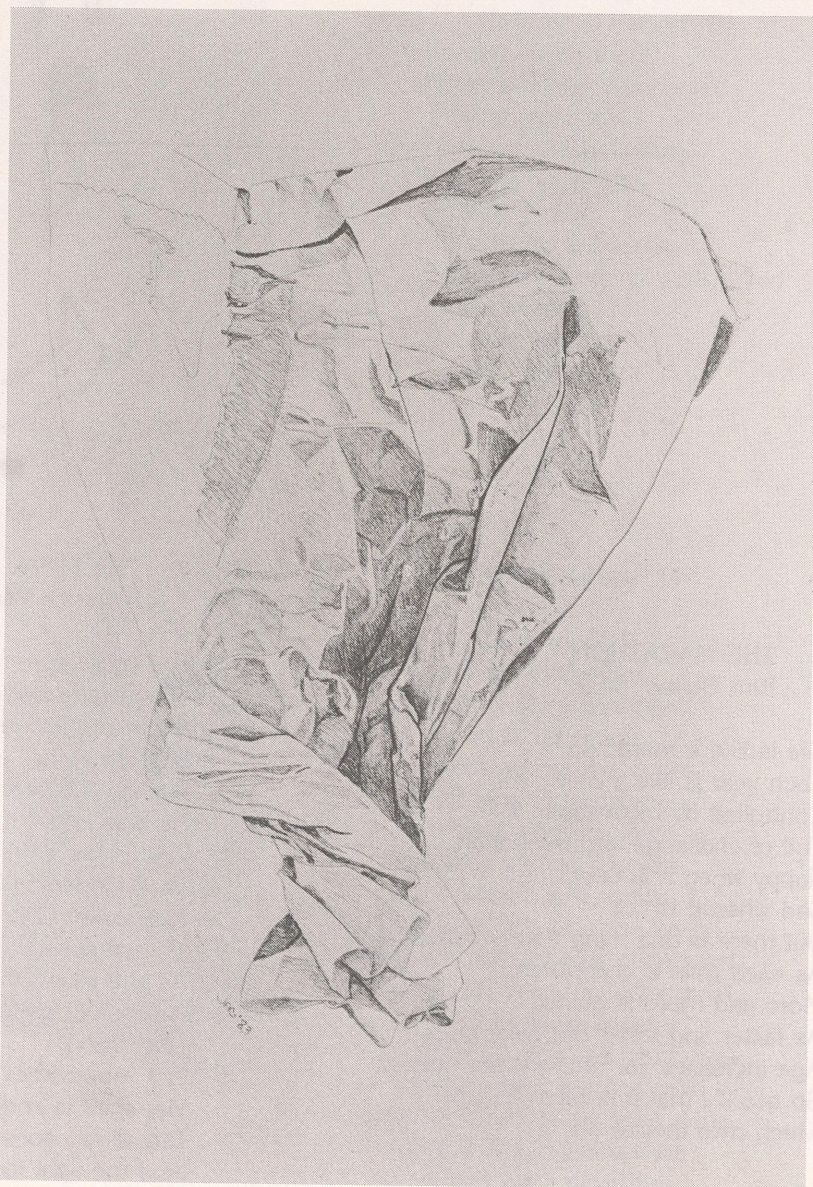
Lisa McNeely '83

Not long ago He entered my life and made it whole.  
He filled a space that had been empty for a great length  
of time.

He made some changes, but I don't mind; even the best  
houses need rearranging sometimes.

Of course He knew, and they were all for the better:  
New friends, new lifestyles, and new perspectives.  
So if I seem different, I am.

But remember that I am now content,  
and unless He says I will not change for anyone!



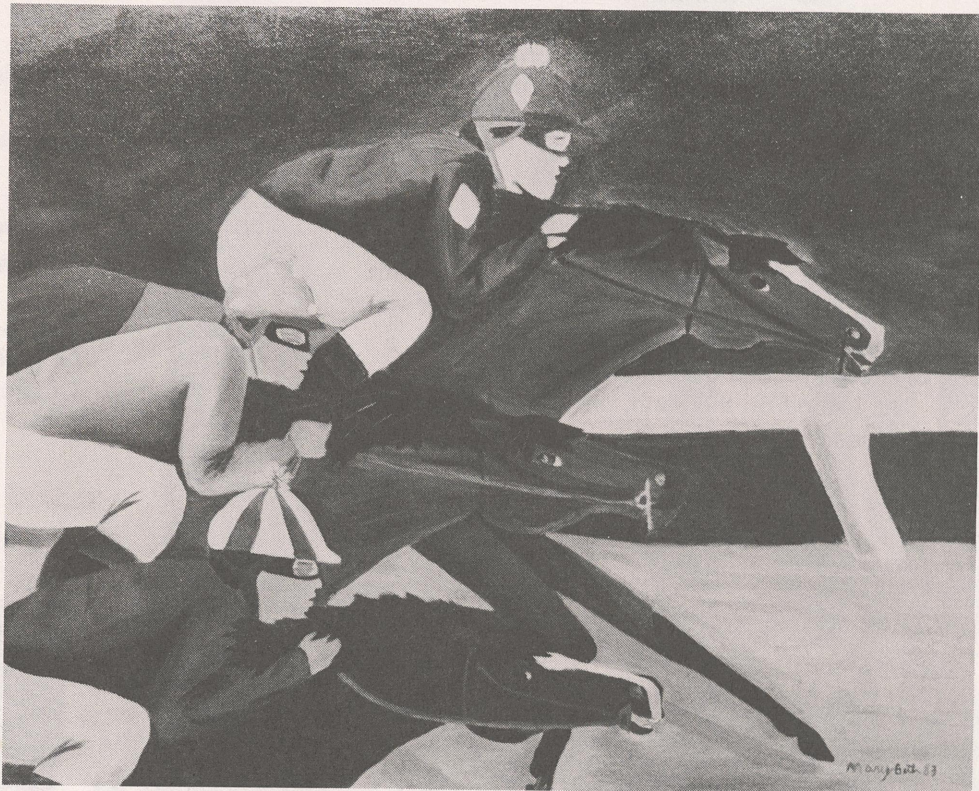
Jennifer Carter



"STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS"

Sarah Krantz '83

Love, like clouds, traveling an endless voyage; shadows running from the light; walls — surrounding the forces until explosion; a prison made by walls of hearts; guilty as accused; sentenced to life; dared to dream; we, not I, not he, we — what dreams are made of; a rose enlivening the senses with the smell of hope; a rose, a rose, with daggers puncturing the fragile; eternity of infinite quality and indefinite consciousness.



Mary Beth Smithwick

Hollie Fischley '84

Newly sprung from the crisp ground,  
a fresh bud fights the biting air  
for breath.

Absorbing the warmth given it by love,  
the bud blossoms into a radiant flower,  
glowing in the dark depths of loneliness.

With care, it grows, strong and everlasting,  
rooted in the solid ground  
of trust and loyalty.

Nothing can ever wilt the eternal life  
of the fully grown friendship,  
so much like the beauty of a flower.

Tasha Riggins '87

Minds of stone, no heart at all  
These sad young creatures have to fall  
Together, they leap and play all day  
But separated, they have no words to say  
Standing ever-quiet, never alone  
That's how minds are turned to stone.



THE FUNERAL  
KIM BUENO '84

I felt all alone standing there on the hill,  
But I knew there were others around.  
No one said anything, except for the minister,  
We all just stared at the ground.  
I thought of her smile and silently wondered,  
Why did she have to go?  
But I knew in my heart, it wasn't for anyone,  
Anyone but God to know.  
I watched the flowers cry as their petals fell from their stems  
Then looked up into the sky so blue.  
I said I'd be strong, but my heart soon gave in,  
I could not help but cry too.

Tasha Riggins '87

One day, waiting for rain, I stood on the earth.  
Barren and crumbly, the powder begged for water  
To make it a muddy drink.  
Silence shrouded the world eternally.  
As I stood on the earth, one day, waiting for rain,  
It rained.

RAIN

Callie Johnson '84

Rain is a collection  
Of reflections  
Of each time in life.



Tamar Charney



THE FAIREST  
Callie Johnson '84

"Who is the fairest of us all?"  
This is a question we all ask ourselves,  
But what exactly is fair?  
Is it having perfect features,  
Perfect friends,  
Unmitigated.  
Or, is it being perfectly able  
To make a mistake  
To go on content  
Knowing that failure is inevitable?  
Is being the fairest  
The same as being the most sincere,  
Fair inside?  
Who is the fairest?  
Do you know?

Tasha Riggins '87

In a world where truth is expected,  
the odd show their faces.  
Who could be as blind as he  
who spreads lies without fault.  
What hurts him more than  
telling the truth,  
and not, being believed?

Lee Ann Calton '84

El día de san Valentín es más que  
las flores y los dulces.  
El día de san Valentín es un  
memorandum de tu amor.



Tamar Charney

READY OR NOT  
Heidi Vastbinder '85

I face decisions knowing I am incapable of making them,  
But **who** is?  
If I don't make them, they will still be made.

Before I can face them, I am catapulted on to another!  
I am confused! I am not ready! I am not —

Who is ready? Who is able?  
And as I sit deciding, pondering, weighing  
Another decision slips through my fingers into the hands  
of time.



"ME? CONFUSED?"

Tasha Riggins '87

Sometimes the world sees things I cannot.  
When I put myself in the place of the world,  
The knowledge, myself, I cannot gain.  
Sometimes I watch from blinded eyes, the people  
Trying to see what I can.  
I sigh in confused understanding,  
and turn my head from them.



Liz Caffrey

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Lisa McNeely '83

Who are they really?  
The creators of such a wonderful thing,  
but no claim was made on their prize.  
They just discard it, and leave it for others to find.  
I often wonder why they did it,  
and where they are,  
but that makes no difference,  
because my finders and keepers  
are my forever loving parents.

MAZE

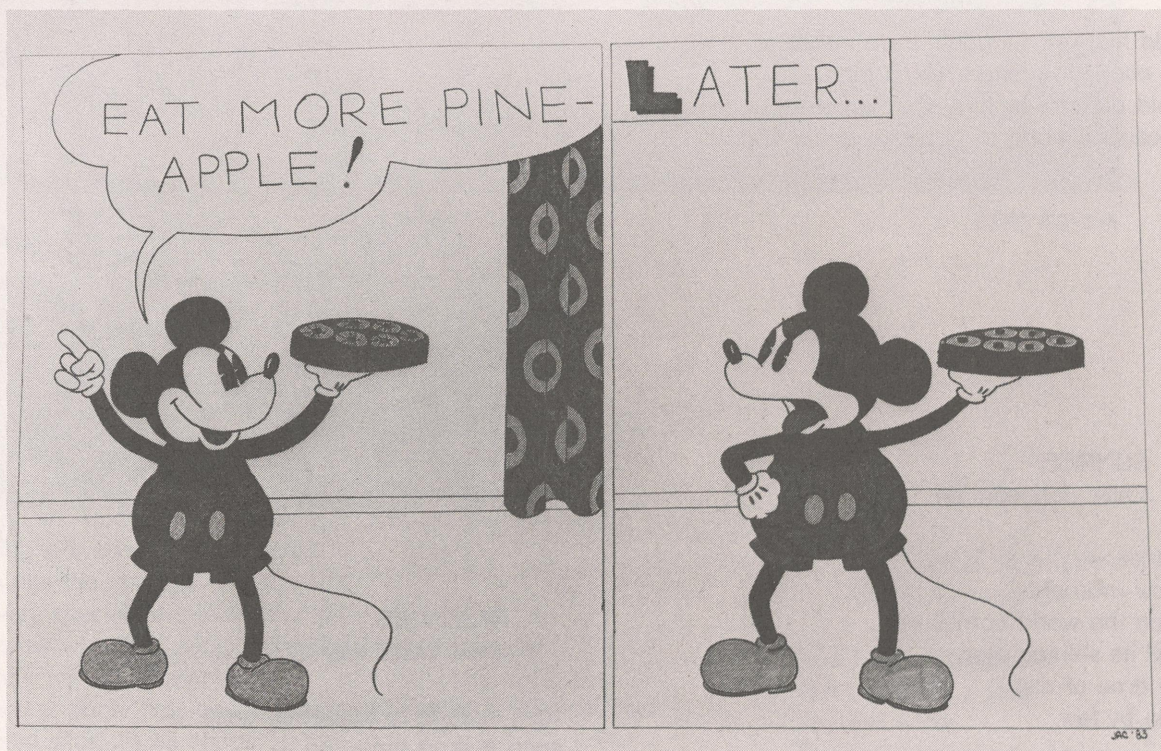
Callie Johnson '84

Tricks, temptations, lies.  
A labyrinth of deception.  
Being sly,  
Sometimes I think I've found the way out,  
But again,  
Another door opens.  
The enigma of deciding  
which one to choose.  
Again,  
I am trapped  
In an endless maze  
Of unchanging  
Repetition.



DOOR SCENE  
Lisa McNeely '83

Don't you hate that dreadful scene,  
when you shake and wonder about his scheme?  
The date was great up until that time,  
then all those thoughts run through your mind!  
Do I open the door and run fast?  
Or do I want this "thank-you" to be one which lasts?  
Oh well, no matter, it's not really your choice.  
It's only the guy who gets to voice.  
And your opinion is seldom heard,  
so sometimes you end up kissing a nerd.  
So girls I guess if you're the dating type,  
You'll live through the door scene without much  
of a gripe.



Jennifer Carter

WAR  
Laura Molesworth '85

Numbers lined up in front of me  
like soldiers in an army marching off to battle.  
They attack me when I least expect it.  
I cannot surrender to them,  
but how can I win?  
I counterattack by having a tutor.  
The help is tremendous, I pull them apart one by one.  
I have finally won the battle  
My homework is completed.



## THE SEAGULL

Yolanda Ferragina '84

His life confined to white-washed beaches,  
All his aims domestic wrought,  
For things beyond he never reaches,  
He never ventures in his thought.

Yet all around him is the power,  
Stretched before him the infinite sea;  
If only he would dare explore it,  
No doubt he would find the key.

The seagull's not the only creature  
In whose thoughts such limits lie;  
In us there is the same sad feature  
For many times we never try.

If we could free our thoughts from bondage,  
And soar above the fetters which bind;  
If we would dare to explore what is before us  
What a beautiful world of hope we could find.

## SUNRISE

Callie Johnson '84

Sunrise —  
A few moments  
When the world comes out  
In all its shining glory.  
The time of day  
Seen by few.

Sunset —  
Delightful moments when  
The world goes to sleep  
And hides  
Until its next entrance.



Amy Perry

## PASSAGES

Heidi Vastbinder '85

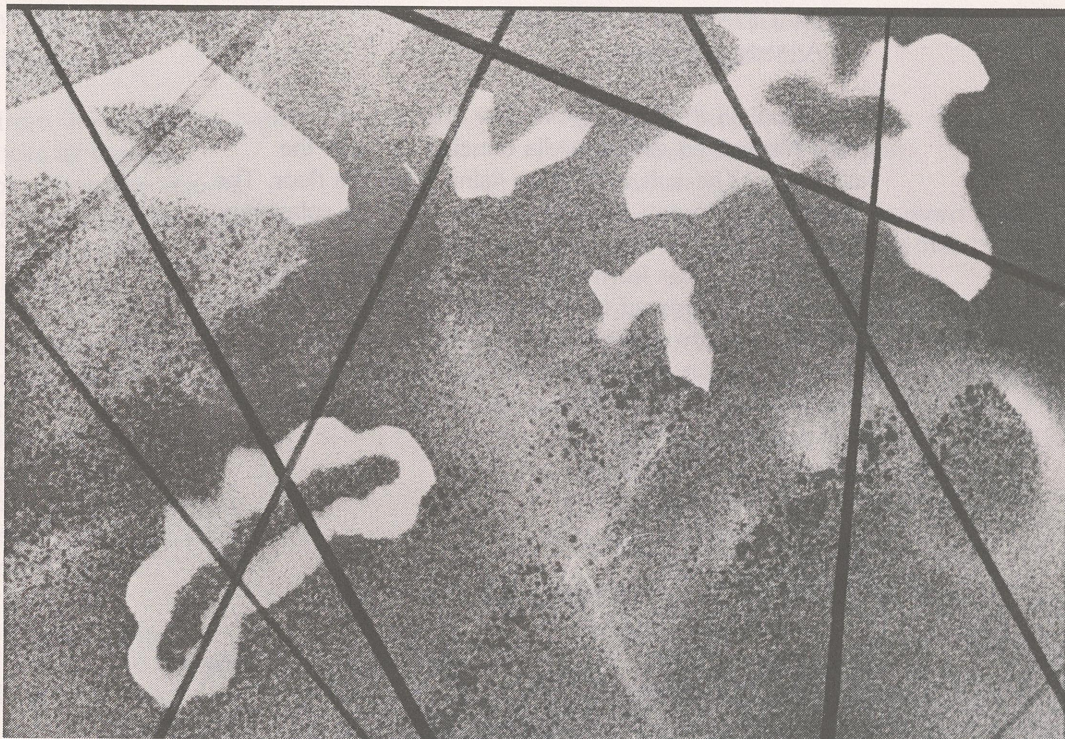
How strange to think that once —  
such a short time ago —  
you were carefree —  
or were you?

Yesterday's tears — overshadowed, insignificant.  
Today's — real, here, now.  
Tomorrow's — dreaded.

Would you really want to go back?  
All that you have come through, fought through, earned —  
Each hurdle cleared, each conflict resolved with passages —  
Time, childhood, ignorance. . .

Yesterday's tears — gain.  
Today's — necessity.  
Tomorrow's — opportunity.





Dolly Kavass

DEPARTURE  
Florence Perry '84

I can't believe this moment has come.  
You're leaving today and starting a new life.  
You have meant so much to me.  
We've had so much fun together.  
We've laughed, cried, lived together.  
It seems like the world is ending.  
Well, a very special part of it is.  
I don't know what it's going to be like without you,  
But I don't want to think about it,  
I've gained a whole new perspective on life while being with you;  
I've learned what it's all about.  
You have taught me so much —  
To live, to love, to laugh.  
I guess you have to lose something very special  
To gain something even more valuable —  
The love of God.

THE FOUR SEASONS  
Callie Johnson '84

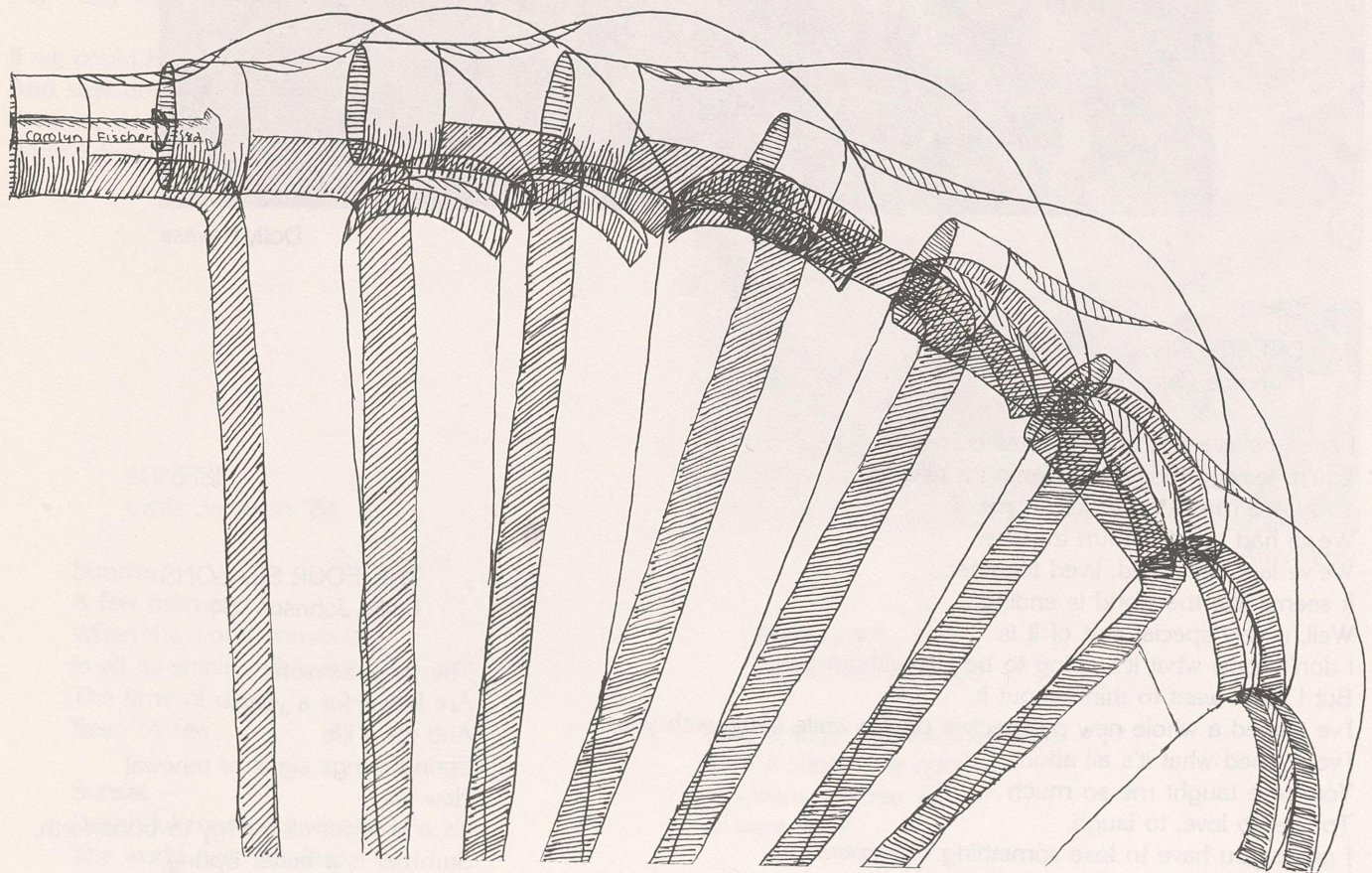
The Four Seasons  
Are bases for a year  
And for a life.  
Spring brings signs of renewal  
New life.  
It's a time for all energy to burst forth.  
Summer is a better Spring,  
The beginning of a mortal's prime.  
Autumn, Fall, is the declining season —  
A transition from youth to middle age,  
When all nature changes color.  
With Winter comes decay and death,  
As in a human's life,  
Old age and death.  
Finally, the year and the life end.  
Another year, another life begin.  
And after death comes  
The Rebirth.



# IMAGINATION IN THE RAIN

Annette Elinger

As I looked through the window dripping with rain drops I imagined: an umbrella dancing through the falling rain. The soft white king rising from the floor. The cars arguing among themselves. The droplets splashing into the puddles and saying, "save me." The cars brushing the water from their eyes. People becoming gazelles as they raced for the buses. The lightning as a monster ready to devour me. Thunder as an angry warning given to me. The darkness beginning to swallow me. The ending of the rain as the umbrellas completed their dance.



## "THEM"

Tasha Riggins '87

They play all day in a world of fun, they do.  
Glass cages around them all.

The real world poses no problems  
To them with no minds of their own.

"All for one and one for all", is their motto.  
Little do they realize how true that really is.



"NIGHT AND DAY"

Tasha Riggins '87

Looking from the window at Night,  
a sound blocks all thought.

Sounds of unbearable volume,  
yet not loud enough to be heard.

As it reaches it's peak,  
nothing can be heard.

Night closes in,  
and shadows appear in the dark.

Still and enigmatic  
is the Night.

Looking from the window at Day,  
a sound blocks all thought.

Sounds of unbearable volume,  
yet not loud enough to be heard.

As it reaches it's peak,  
nothing can be heard.

Day comes into being,  
and rays of sun play on the world.

Alive and understanding  
is the Day.

"A WORTHY CAUSE"

Sarah Krantz '83

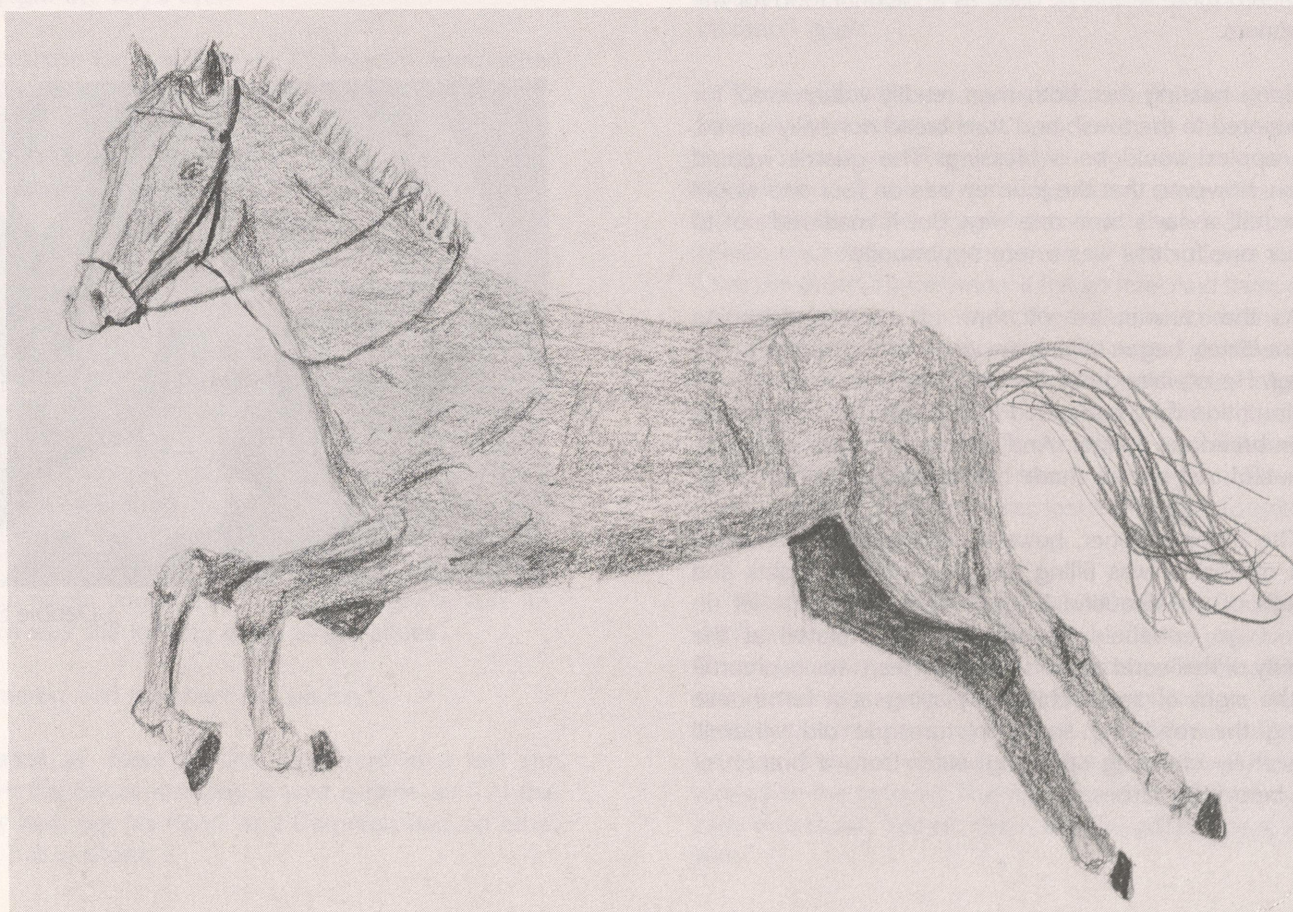
As the sun sets another day is ended,  
Look beyond the hillside glow.  
The sun shall rise again.  
And the valleys will shimmer more beautifully  
Than all of Earth's previous remembrance!

The skeletal trees will stretch heavenward,  
As their brittle bones relinquish their space,  
To the abundance of ambitious greenery.  
The fiery glow of the lakes will bubble across the stones,  
To once more become the land's bottomless well.  
And as the sun continues its climb,  
The pilgrims of the sky voyage ever closer,  
To their destiny.

The sun shines forth through the hills  
And upon the water.  
Each evening it will set.  
Yet, each morning, the sun returns  
To its brightest height  
To shower its rays upon all its Glory!

"The sun never shined on a cause of greater worth."

Thomas Paine



Tamar Charney



## THE BARREN TREES OF BEAUTY

Yolanda Ferragina '84

The walls of the eighteenth-century Tantebury Prison stood high and cold. Silhouetted against the seashore of the beautiful English countryside, it would, at first glance, remind one of a Medieval fortress daring any enemy to intrude. But within these walls were criminals who were sent here from all parts of England to fulfill life sentences or be confined to hard labor.

In a cell on the east corner of Tantebury were two prisoners who shared their quarters. Their cell was, like all the rest, dark and damp and smelled of such a musty odor so as to make one's stomach turn. Both these men were serving life sentences at hard labor, and though their circumstances identical, these two men were very different.

Just before daybreak one morning, two guards came up and down the aisles asking for volunteers for a task appointed by the warden. As the guards passed these two men's cell, they inquired what this task might be. The guards explained that there was an apple orchard about eleven miles away on the outskirts of Hastings. The warden had agreed to let ten able-bodied men go, under the guard's supervision, to gather as much fruit as possible and then return to Tantebury with it. The apples gathered there would be used as additional food for the prisoners.

Upon hearing this, both men readily volunteered; for compared to the mush and stale bread normally served, the apples would be a blessing. The guards warned them, however, that the journey was on foot and would take half a day's time one way. But it mattered not to either one for this was a rare opportunity.

As the caravan set off, one of the two prisoners immediately began talking anxiously of the apples to the other. He explained how he had feared he would die of malnutrition if he continued to be served the mush and stale bread any longer. And now the thought of having beautiful, red apples made his heart swell within him.

The other prisoner, however, during all this anxious talk of apples, was filling his eyes with the sights and smells of the beautiful English countryside. He let no object go unheeded as he silently meditated at the beauty of the world around him. His heart was overcome at the sight of small children playing at a farmhouse along the roadside, and a picturesque old windmill peacefully churning sparkling water from a branch of the beloved Thames.

Finally, after much walking, the group approached the orchard, and the one anxious man, discerning it from a distance, hobbled briskly toward it so as to hoard in his baskets as much fruit as he could. When the others arrived there, however, all could plainly see that not one tree had a single apple. All these trees were barren.

The other prisoner looked down to find the once anxious man weeping on the ground beside one of the trees, for he was filled with despair, disappointment, and anxiety at their barrenness. Upon seeing this he cried, "You fool! You filled your narrow mind with such anxious thoughts that you failed to tranquilize yourself with the beauty of the world around you. Neither of us have left the narrow bounds of Tantebury in nearly thirty years. Now your short-lived hope of apples has been dashed and you have gained nothing from this journey except more anxiety and despair. I would mourn for you, brother, but all doleful thoughts have been swept from my mind because of the peace I have found during this journey. But, I will pray for you."

Moral: A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees. William Blake



Debbie Sheffield



## MEETING AT WATERLOO STATION

Yolanda Ferragina '84

It was London's heaviest fog of the season. The people were shuffling down the crowded streets like blind men in a world of uncertainty. As Malcolm stood in Waterloo Station, he heard Big Ben strike 8 o'clock and knew it wouldn't be long before the station would be infiltrated with a host of working class people who were trying to reach their destinations.

As he gazed up toward the sky, Malcolm could see clearly a familiar light shining in the top of old London Tower. He remembered seeing it when he was younger on foggy days just such as this. It always helped him find his way home on nights when the fog was too thick to see anything.

The orphan stood in the crowd like a spotted lamb amongst a pack of experienced wolves. This lamb, however, was less than naive, for 19th century London had toughened the boy in spirit, as well as in body.

Malcolm spotted his first potential customer within a matter of seconds. He was a tall, dark, very young man whose well dressed appearance and gentlemanly smile had caught the boy's eye.

"Shoeshine for a shilling, sir?" Malcolm approached him with all the professionalism he could muster.

"What makes you think I would spare a shilling, lad?" was the gentleman's unexpected reply.

"Well, sir, with them spiffy clothes, why would I think otherwise?" Malcolm's spunk became apparent with this answer.

"You've got a point, though you're quite wrong. But all right, I suppose I *do* need a shine."

Matthew Cameron was a newcomer in London, a native of Wales. His father had promised to wire him money monthly until he got a decent paying job.

"What might your name be sir, if I might inquire it?" Malcolm was still looking down at the shoes.

"Cameron. I'm new here in London."

"Pleased ta' meet ya' Mr. Cameron! Just call me Malcolm the Shoeshine Boy at your service, sir." At this the boy held out his hand, and Cameron had no other choice but to shake it.

"I think you'll find London very satisfyin'," Malcolm said knowingly, "though it can be a filthy place. But, then I guess the whole world is a filthy place, huh?" The boy finished his sentence with a chuckle.

"Who on earth told you that?" Cameron pretended to act shocked.

"Why, me old deceased Pappy, God rest his soul. He said to me, 'Malcolm, the whole world is just crawlin with filth and uncleanness. Yes, sir, a man's got ta make his own way in this old world, and there's no better off you'll be'. Yea, that's what dear old Pap said, and every word of it's provin' to be truer every day."

Cameron couldn't disagree with the boy. The Industrial Revolution was on the rise putting thousands of factory workers and small businesses under. It was days like this that made Cameron sick to his stomach. The fog, besides complicating everything, gave him a sticky, musty feeling. It carried the stench from the East end slums and seemed to spread it all over London. He hated not being able to see peoples' faces. It was all like an eerie nightmare - except for Malcolm. Somehow, he was a small flicker of light in that crowd of faceless people. And yet, even *his* words reflected the image of the city. Cameron began to daydream about Wales.

"I suppose your Wales is a mite different from this bloody place, huh?" Malcolm tried to pick up the conversation again.

"Hm? - Oh, yes, yes, quite different. My family has a farm in the countryside. It's so lovely in the summer there. I remember when I was your age, maybe younger, my father used to take me riding nearly every afternoon. I can still remember how it felt to have the wind blowing across your face while the smell of fresh cloves arose from the green countryside. It felt so free. And there was an old lighthouse too, right there on the coastline not five hundred yards from our farmhouse. I could see it clearly from my bedroom window and every night I would watch it flicker off and on so brightly - just like that one there in London Tower. Now I watch that one each night from my hotel room. It always makes me think of home." Cameron was lost in thought, forgetting even that Malcolm was listening.

"My, now that does sound grand! - But, of course, I don't want ya ta get the wrong idea of what I said, now. No sir, jolly old London ain't always been like this. Why, I can remember when I was just a little tot and me Pappy used to take me on long carriage rides. We would go to London Tower first and then have a leisurely lunch alongside the beloved Thames, just watchin' the barges pass in and out. Yes sir, them was the golden days, they was."



"Things can still get better." Cameron tried his best to reassure the youth though it was he that needed reassurance.

"Of course they can. I ain't givin' up hope on this bloody ole city yet!" Malcolm's positive words seemed to lighten the mood, though the setting was still the same.

"All aboard that's going aboard!" The conductor's shrill words rang in Cameron's ears. He didn't want to board the train to Liverpool. He wanted to stay and keep talking to Malcolm. Yet his senses could not deny the cold reality he must face.

"Well, Mr. Cameron, ole Malcolm wishes ya the best of luck here in London. And rem'ber, as long as ya got your courage and your dignity, this ole world ain't got nothin' on you!"

"Thank you so very much," was all Cameron knew to say. He reached into his pocket and paid the boy his shilling.

From his train seat, Cameron gazed once again at the flickering light in the Tower and thought maybe Liverpool wasn't the place to live. In the back of his mind he knew his quiet farmhouse nest called Wales would only be a memory from now on - a place to visit in a daydream when familiar objects reminded him of home. But home would always be there. He decided that London was where he should remain.

Malcolm noticed that the fog was growing even thicker. He figured the light in the tower would be shining full strength that night. He remembered his father telling him, when he was only five or six, that old London Tower had been standing for a thousand years - and that it would be there long after he himself had gone.

Somehow Cameron knew that Malcolm would always be all right. As he gazed out the window of his second class seat, he saw Malcolm waving and smiling. His little eyes seemed to sparkle in the fog.







